The Tragedies of Garcia Lorca
—Anthony Aratari

THE

Commonweal

The Religious Issue in Goa

by S. H. Anthony

Progress of a Revolution

by William Pfaff

William M. Dwyer Anne Fremantle

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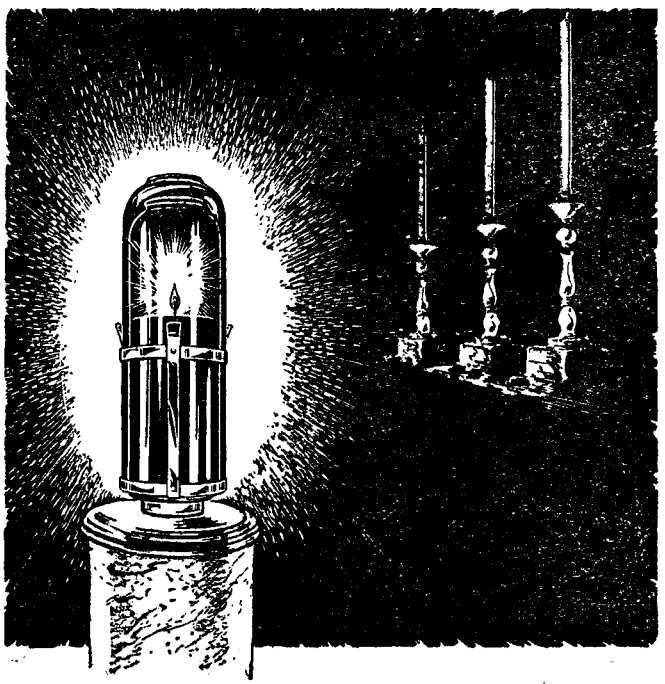

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The Commonweal

week by week

TOWARD A MORE PERFECT UNION

THERE was a time when "union now" proposals were widely discussed in this country, but these days not much is said about them. Yet this might be an ideal time for serious consideration of such plans.

In the last session of Congress, a resolution bearing on this issue was presented to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, under the sponsorship of Senator Estes Kefauver and fourteen other Senators. What the measure asked was that President Eisenhower invite the six other nations which sponsored the North Atlantic treaty to a parley on the possibilities of strengthening and extending the ties that bind us. The six nations involved, besides the United States, are Canada, Britain, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Luxembourg. Representation from the other democracies in NATO could also be invited.

The conference itself would be purely exploratory; the resolution would commit this nation to nothing beyond the actual holding of the conference itself. The task of the delegates would be to "explore" and "report to what extent their peoples might further unite within the framework of the United Nations, and agree to form, federally or otherwise, a defense, economic and political union." No action could be taken on the recommendations of the conference without full Congressional debate and approval.

When his views were invited, Secretary of State Dulles was quite cool to the idea of an exploratory meeting on the Atlantic Union question. For one thing, he thought that for President Eisenhower to issue the invitations to the convention would lead to the inference that he had accepted the practicability and desirability of such a union. He further noted that the suggested invitations to the principal political parties in the countries involved might be embarrassing, since the largest single party in France is the Communist Party. And in any case the President would, Mr. Dulles said, be reluctant to issue invitations to only six of the fourteen members of NATO.

Some of these objections have a certain point, but none of them seems insuperable. It is hard to see why it should be embarrassing to President Eisenhower to call a conference purely exploratory in character, the long-range aim of which would be to enlarge and strengthen that alliance of the free nations which has already done so much to check the outward thrust of Soviet power in Europe. The problem of the Communist political parties in Europe could be met head-on; it might be good if the sponsoring nations emphasized that Communist political parties were not invited because they are not democratic political instruments.

MR. Dulles was not, of course, alone in his opposition to the resolution, and many who oppose the entire idea do so for reasons quite different from his. A representative of the Veterans of Foreign Wars termed the measure "the expression of a super-internationalist philosophy that undermines patriotism and thus tends to aid Moscow and weaken this nation." Another witness called the proposal "the One-Worlders' latest booby trap for America." We have no doubt that expressions of such sentiments would fly thick and fast if the conference were actually held. Yet, despite all the fuss that would be aroused, we think there is considerable merit in the idea of having such conferences whenever it is feasible to do so.

We do not imagine that great strides would be taken at such a convention; probably no one does. But there are many good reasons why discussions aimed at stronger political ties between Western nations are particularly appropriate at this time. And although NATO is now thought of primarily as a military arrangement, its provisions would allow for broadening the scope of the alliance.

It seems quite clear that the Soviet Union is now seeking to gain by smiles what threats and violence could not win. Disruption of the NATO alliance is undoubtedly high on the list of Soviet aims, now as always, and there is no doubt that a surface

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thaw in Soviet policy may tend to make some European nations less concerned about maintaining the present defense position—even though this posture of strength played a large part in persuading the Russians to change their tune.

Under these altered circumstances, the conception of NATO as a purely military alliance is a handicap, as Senator Richard L. Neuberger pointed out, for it makes NATO vulnerable to every gesture the Soviet chooses to make toward reducing pressure. As he put it: "It permits the men in the Kremlin to jeopardize the essential unity of the West every time they decide to turn the record and play the 'peace' side for a while."

The people of this nation are probably not prepared at this time for any big step toward larger political commitments and allegiances. Neither, in all probability, are most of the people of Western Europe. But in no nation will the people ever be ready for such decisions unless serious discussion begins now.

The move toward larger political units seems to us a natural one, based on the facts of international life today; to an increasing extent, the most vexing problems the free nations have are concerned with situations beyond their borders, and hence beyond their competence and ability to settle alone. This fact will necessarily lead to closer political alignments among nations of similar principles. The proposed conference of the North Atlantic nations would not be a big step, but in this area any move, however small, should be welcomed as a step in the right direction.

NEXT WEEK

JAMES KRITZECK writes about an important scientific and scholarly contact with the Moslem world.

"In the quarter of Cairo called Abbassiah, on the edge of the desert below the Muqattam Hills, the Dominican Fathers have an Institute of Oriental Studies. Flanked by the National Mint and a tarboosh factory, it is within walking distance of the Muski and the greatest theological school in the Islamic world, al-Azhar. . . . Although the full liturgical life of the Church is led there, in a chapel with an iconostasis and windows patterned after examples in Cairo's Coptic Museum, the Dominicans have no parish and are entirely freed from other duties to devote themselves exclusively to scholarship. The principal aim of the Institute has been to establish contact with the Muslim scholars on a purely scientific basis, mainly in the fields of Islamic theology and spiritual literature in Arabic and Persian."

MORE THAN A LOCAL ISSUE

ALTHOUGH the plight of any community should be the concern of every American, there is a constricting element about editorializing on situations in other sections of the United States. It is hard to avoid giving the impression that the conditions about which we protest would not be tolerated in our more enlightened part of the country. Take, for instance, the difficulty of discussing racialism in the American South without appearing to adopt a regionally superior attitude.

In our protest two weeks ago about the Godchaux Sugars company of Louisiana we presented the dispute largely in local terms. We have since been reliably informed that the protracted sugar refinery strike there has far wider implications. American businesses of any proportions, it seems, are seldom merely local. And it turns out that the real power in Godchaux Sugars is not the Godchaux family of Louisiana at all but the chairman of the board, a resident of New York's Westchester suburbs. Moreover, the other Louisiana refinery involved in the three-months strike belongs to Colonial Sugars, Inc., which is an affiliate of Cuban-American Sugars. The strike supplies some concrete evidence that New York continues to be the financial heart of far-flung American productive enterprise; it recalls the saying that the rest of the country is working for Wall Street.

The principal issue of the strike itself is a ten cents an hour raise in pay to prevent the differential between Northern and Southern refinery wages from becoming even greater—this differential is forty cents an hour between Louisiana and Baltimore and points north. The demanded raise has already been granted by the chief competitor, American Sugar Refining Co. and a smaller, less prosperous rival, Henderson Sugar.

The fact that less than thirty of the fifteen hundred workers of the two struck plants have gone back to work since they walked out, April 14, is a measure of their determination to obtain a juster wage. The local courts are against them and a number of the strike leaders are languishing in jail. Acts of violence by strikebreakers have been played up in local papers (and in *Life*) to give the impression that the strikers are lawless. Godchaux Sugars has brought in large numbers of strikebreakers and talks of "repopulating the entire community"; many of the strikers are living in houses owned by the sugar company. The ill-paid sugar workers are battling for their just due against tremendous odds. Their cause is clearly of national concern.

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. . . AS AN ELEPHANT'S EYE

AT one point during the Big Four conference there was a mild "peace scare" on the New York Stock Exchange. There was a quick recovery, though, and prices continue their great procession onward and upward. Day after day in the financial sections of the great journals is written and graphed the story of an unparalleled prosperity.

"Johns-Manville's Profits Is Best for any Quarter," reads one headline. "Mutual Fund Purchases Hit New High," is another. "Du Pont Earnings Rise by 23.6%," and the story could be repeated almost without end. Great corporations are burgeoning, and splitting their stock and paying good dividends. It will be hard for the Democrats to beat the Republicans if this prosperity continues.

And there is certainly no reason why this country should not be prosperous. We have rich land, and all that implies, a large trading area, an inventive and industrious people, and we seemed to be "destined" to occupy at this moment a "place in the sun." There seem to be no Everests we cannot conquer—economically.

It is interesting to note, therefore, that indebtedness, both public and private, does not cease to increase. Private indebtedness runs into figures that are truly astronomical; the interest paid on this is enormous, as is the interest on the public debt. And even in this year of unparalleled prosperity, the Republican Administration will not be able to balance the budget. Does this cause anyone great concern?

All during the long, lean, Democratic years the unbalanced budget was a great Republican battle cry, and now it is heard no more. Alongside human values, it is true, it makes little difference if the book-keeping looks neat; when there are people who need to be fed or sheltered, it does not matter how far you have to go into "debt" in order to accomplish this. But if you can pay, it seems that you should. Right now it seems that we should be doing a little better than we are at paying debts—which cost so much in interest payments.

In many ways the present situation has about it an atmosphere of unreality. There is too much forgetfulness of the fact that so much of the money that has been made, and is being made, comes from the terrible fact of wars and a prostrated world. We are having fun in the ripening corn, but it might be prudent if we were a little sterner with ourselves in this matter of financing our prosperity. We will not moralize here about the duties of the rich to the poor, but there are a lot of people who have made an awful lot of money, and there can be more than one opinion as to how much of this it is their *right* to keep. Most financial experts appear to agree that our prosperity is soundly based; taking care of current commitments through current income should be a goal possible of attainment at this time.

THREAT TO THE CONSUMER

SO far the contest over regulation of prices of natural gas has belied the truism that, come what may, the American voter is responsive on any issue directly affecting his pocketbook. For months in both House and Senate there has been a struggle whose outcome will affect every family possessing a gas stove, gas heater or gas appliance of any sort. On the one side were arrayed the big oil companies—holders of vast reserves of natural gas—gas companies, pipeline companies and members of Congress from the producing states. In opposition were the mayors of two hundred and fifty American cities, led by the chief executives of Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York. At the eleventh hour several governors from consuming states chimed in to back up the mayors. Organized labor also supported this consumer opposition. Yet the general public took little part; Representatives and Senators alike reported little mail from their constituents on a subject involving many a family budget.

First round went to the Southwest, the oil companies and their allies when the House voted to eliminate the authority of the Federal Power Commission to regulate prices of natural gas at the source, or the "wellhead," by a margin of six votes. The fact that this margin had been greatly whittled down from the producers' expectations of several weeks before reflects the intervention of local and state political leaders. It is an open question whether the momentum of the last few weeks can be regained when the bill comes before the Senate next session, but there is evidence that both sides will continue to fight hard. The chances of defeating the measure would be greatly enhanced if somehow the consuming public could be induced to take part.

The producers' argument runs like this. It is discrimination to regulate their industry; why not the coal industry as well, for example? This represents excessive government interference with business. Moreover, if FPC regulation keeps their prices down, they will not be able to afford the exploration that would lead to the discovery of new sources of natural gas. Finally, they assert, since this is a competitive industry, natural gas

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prices will be regulated automatically by competition.

There may indeed have been a time when the price of coal should have been regulated in the public interest; today the coal industry is in a decline as that fuel is being replaced by fuels like oil and natural gas. The financial statements of the producing companies do not generally support the contention that funds for exploration are now lacking. And, thirdly, how can competition be counted on to regulate prices when the demand threatens to exceed the supply, as at present?

HOUSING AND ROADS

THERE is some brave talk about calling a special session of Congress to deal with President Eisenhower's highway proposal, but right now the measure seems as dead as a dodo. Whatever happens to the measure eventually, however, it does raise an interesting point.

The President's road program was highly imaginative. It recognized that highway construction never recovered the ground lost during the war, and that the flood of additional new cars on the highways posed a real national problem. Mr. Eisenhower therefore proposed emergency action, financed in part by the issuance of a whopping $21 billion in bonds that would not be part of the national debt.

What interests us here is that no one in the government, as far as we know, is suggesting a comparable plan for housing. Much the same arguments apply. In the best of times, housing construction in this country has never been quite adequate, and during the war years it fell hopelessly behind. New buildings did not go up; old buildings deteriorated because of lack of repair; many new families were formed. For all these reasons, the business-as-usual approach to housing has never caught up with the need.

What is required is a program for housing as daring and original as that suggested by President Eisenhower for highways. We have nothing against building roads, but it does seem to us that housing should have had at least as high a priority a long time ago.

WHO'S SUBVERSIVE?

ONE day recently the *Daily Worker* ran a story on the Louisiana sugar strike; it was a good story with lots of facts. The big labor story that day in some of our more respectable journals was the acquisition by the Teamster's Union of Dave Beck's $160,000 house, and how Mr. Beck will continue to live in this house rent-free until he retires. There were pictures of his swimming pool, and the story included the fact that the seven-room house contained a bar and a movie-projector room. Presumably one was supposed to mutter dark things about union-racketeering, or be frankly scandalized and, if one were a member of the union, stop paying dues, or something.

At this point we are not prepared to lecture Mr. Beck on his mode of living. We find nothing scandalous in this type of house for a person of his position, accepting the framework of this society as it is. The man has not taken a vow of poverty. If there are irregularities in the running of the finances of the union, let them be brought out.

What we are concerned with is the fact that a close reading of the free, capitalist press gives an interestingly different emphasis to news about workers than the *Daily Worker*. The sugar strike has gone largely unreported. Many strikes go unreported and mal-reported. (At this writing Safeway Stores in New York City are still closed because of a strike that has been on for many weeks —and there's never a word about it.) It takes papers like the *Daily Worker*, organ of the Communist Party, to speak out and in so doing to lecture the press on its neglected duty.

Some will immediately object that the motive the *Worker* had in publishing the story was not pure, and that they did not have the good of the workers behind the "cane curtain" at heart. They care only for what fosters the good of the C.P. This may be true, but it is beside the point. The point is that they printed a legitimate story truthfully, and the so-called "free-press" failed to print an important story certainly "fit to print"—and crying to be printed.

The dinosaur became extinct because he could not cope with his environment. Certain of our best institutions could wither away, too, if they fail to take into account the realities of the situation as it is. And one of the realities is that truth involves not eliminating part of the story you don't like to serve your own purposes. Another reality is that the workers of the country have the right to a full, just and dignified consideration by the press.

The almost daily combination of personal sniping, rigged and prejudiced reportage, and, most importantly, the ruthless use of the weapon of "blackout"—simply not reporting a story—is truly subversive to our way of life and merits the strongest censure.

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The Religious Issue in Goa

"PORTUGAL HAS PRESENTED CHRISTIANITY AS A DE-NATIONALIZING INSTRUMENT IN THE HANDS OF A FOREIGN GOVERNMENT"

S. H. ANTHONY

THE Goan problem is an example of how the outmoded colonial policies of Christian nations can render Christianity itself odious to freedom-loving peoples and create new problems for Christian minorities in mission lands. Through linking religion to politics as an indispensable basis of Christianity's success, the unenlightened and unpopular colonial policy of Portugal in Goa presents Christianity as a de-nationalizing instrument in the hands of a foreign government and thus hinders its spread.

Goa, Damaun and Diu are three small Portuguese possessions in India, comprising 1460 square miles and a population of 636,131. Of these people, almost thirty-seven per cent, or to be exact 234,561, are Catholics, and the remaining sixty-three per cent are non-Christians, mostly Hindus. In these Portuguese colonies no substantial conversion of Hindus has taken place for the last three centuries. Only eight per cent of the people of Goa speak Portuguese and are of Indo-Portuguese ancestry. The remaining ninety-two per cent speak Konkani, language of the locality and the surrounding areas in the Indian Union. Another important fact about the Goanese is that about 200,000 of them have migrated and settled down in several of the important cities of India and have become fully merged into the civic and economic life of their communities. The money sent home by the Goanese in India to their relatives in Goa is the largest single source of income in the colony and is the very cornerstone of its economy.

Essentially, the Goan problem is a political problem. What ought to be the political status of Goa? Are the people of Goa to be given freedom for the choice of their political destiny or is Goa to remain forever a Portuguese possession?

The Goanese, like their brethren in what was once British India and French India, have been agitating for a long time for freedom from foreign rule. With the withdrawal of the British in 1947, natives in the French and Portuguese possessions intensified their struggle. This struggle, it must be made clear, has been and still is of the Gandhian *Satyagraha* type, consisting of unarmed, non-violent, passive resistence to repression.

After assuming the reins of government in 1947, Indian leaders ceased to direct the freedom struggle in the French and Portuguse possessions; instead they attempted direct negotiations with the colonial powers for their withdrawal. By 1954 it was definitely clear that France was withdrawing. Portugal felt her chances of holding on to her Indian colony indefinitely were fast slipping away, and then it was that Portugal resorted to what her foreign minister has called her "global strategy"—of presenting the Goan issue to the world and to her NATO friends as a religious one.

THE Portuguese line, in effect, was this: Goa by culture and religion is Catholic and hence belongs to Portugal; the agitation in Goa is Communist-inspired and is abetted by the Indian government; Indian soldiers are going to march on Goa; the tomb of St. Francis Xavier will be desecrated; religion is in danger, because India is a secular state.

With the traditional reputation of Portugal as a Catholic country and the prestige of Prime Minister Salazar as a Christian statesman, this strategy worked in the beginning. I was in Ireland then, and I do not know what attitude the press in America took, but the Catholic press of Europe began to publish stories about the impending catastrophe to the Church in Goa. Indian public opinion was shocked by what in effect was a real campaign of slander. Indian Catholics in general and free Goans in particular (Goans in Goa are not free; in 1954 alone over twenty-eight hundred satyagrahis and some Catholic priests were arrested for sympathy for the freedom movement) lost no time in pointing out "how entirely wrong was the opinion held outside India about the Goa problem", as the *Examiner,* organ of the Archdiocese of Bombay, put it.

Sensing the grave implications of the situation, Cardinal Gracias, Archbishop of Bombay and himself a Goan, issued a statement in which he said: "I have been greatly distressed to note in the foreign press misrepresentations of policies and incidents, directly or

Father Anthony, T.O.C.D., an Indian priest of the Syro-Malabar rite, is currently studying in the United States.

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indirectly connected with the Church in India. Exaggerated reports on these matters are certainly to be deprecated in the interest of truth. Moreover, far from being helpful to the Church, they serve only to cause embarrassment to us. At times it would seem that interested agencies are exploiting religious issues for political ends."

Dr. Salazar then realized that the argument which claimed religion was in danger had backfired. He was sorely disappointed that he had not obtained the support he had hoped for from the Vatican, and he then proceeded to turn against the Vatican. He accused the Sacred Congregation involved in the matter "of being more papistic than the Pope . . . of showing ill will towards Portugal, of recruiting clergy from local converts." He ended up with these words. "I conclude the preservation of a Portuguese Goa is an indispensable base for the conservation and spread of Christianity in India."

THE religious slant which the Portuguese government gives to the Goan problem seems to rest on the following three assumptions: that Christianity is inseparable from Western culture; that nationality is determined by religion; and that the freedom movement in Goa is Communist-inspired. These assumptions should be examined.

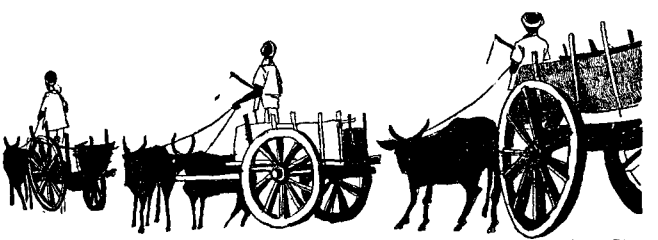
Dr. Edward Brazao, Portuguese Minister in Dublin, in a legation hand-out published in the Irish *Independent,* stated the Portuguese case thus: "Goa by culture and religion belongs to Portugal." For the present, pass over the fact that not quite thirty-seven per cent of the people of Goa are Catholic. Pass over the fact that during the last three hundred years no substantial conversion of Hindus to Christianity has taken place in this Portuguese colony. (Even the editor of the Lisbon paper, *Anglo-Portuguese News,* was forced to admit that "it is plainly true that particularly since 1834, there have been very few, if any, conversions from Hinduism.") The important point to examine is whether or not Christianity is inseparable from any particular culture.

What is Christianity and what is culture? Christianity may be regarded as the divinization of man by God, and culture as the humanization of man by man. Both are essentially different. In the strict theological sense it is as incorrect to speak of Christian culture as it is incorrect to speak of Christian agriculture. Christianity may have an ennobling effect on a culture and in this sense—and in this sense alone—may a culture be called Christian. But obviously this ennobling effect of Christianity is not limited to any one particular culture.

Pope Pius XII, in his broadcast to Indian Catholics in 1952, said: "It is hardly necessary for Us to remind you that the Catholic Church demands that no one give up his native ways and customs, forces no one to adopt foreign ways of living. The Church belongs to the East as well as to the West. She is bound to no particular culture. She is at home with all who respect the commandments of God. What is consonant with man's God-given nature, is simply good, and simply human, the Church simply permits, furthers, ennobles and sanctifies. This once made clear, beloved sons and daughters, it is for you to be conscious of your duty to your country and to your people."

The second assumption, that nationality is determined by religion, is even more questionable. To identify religion with nationality is to equate the things of God with the things of Caesar. The application of this principle would cut at the very roots of missionary activities, not only in India, but in all non-Christian countries. Fortunately for us Indians, the much-maligned "secular state" state of India guarantees full religious liberty as a lawful right to all its citizens. Besides, the government has assured special protection for the mixed religious and cultural rights of the Goans.

It is mainly the un-Christian practice of confusing Christianity with Western culture and identifying it



with colonialism which has caused opposition to foreign missionary efforts in some quarters in India. Even Gandhi, who was such a devoted follower of Christian principles, once expressed himself against what he called proselytizing because Western ways of life were being forced upon the converts. Fortunately, there are other missionaries, and their number is far greater, who see the compatibility of Indian culture with Christianity. Thus Prime Minister Nehru has spoken often and most appreciatively of the cultural and social assimilation of the Syrian Christians of Malabar with the general population.

Thirdly, to call the freedom movement in Goa Communistic is, to say the least, ridiculous. To call it Communist is practically equivalent to calling the whole Christian community of India Communist. But it has to be most emphatically asserted that the Portuguese government is playing into the hands of Communists and other enemies of the Church, just as in Indochina French colonialism played into the hands of Communists. Here, as elsewhere, the Communists are clever enough to exploit difficult situations to their own advantage. The children of the world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.

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Experiment in Housing

WILLIAM M. DWYER

CONCORD Park is primarily the story of one man's struggle against his times. That man is Morris Milgram, a young builder with a mission. It is also the story of George Otto, a Quaker with a solid reputation for honesty and sound business sense. Milgram, the dedicated liberal, and Otto, a conservative not given to risking all for a cause—this combination, backed by a group of small investors, has overcome formidable obstacles to create a development possibly unique in American housing.

The development, Concord Park, is spreading out on the edge of Trevose in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. It is about half-way between the city halls of Philadelphia and Trenton, and eight miles from Levittown, the new mass-produced suburb. But by another measure Concord Park and Levittown are worlds apart. Levittown is a "white island;" even Ralph Bunche couldn't buy a house there. Concord Park is believed to be America's first single-home development built by private enterprise with the firm intent to find both white and Negro buyers—*and* to keep the place integrated.

It was early 1952 when Morris Milgram set out to make a dream come true and to prove something: that a private builder can make money when he builds good houses and sells them without racial discrimination. In seven years since the end of World War II, he found, only 1,044 units were privately built for Negro occupancy in the sprawling Philadelphia metropolitan area. And only 347 of these units were for sale. In the same period more than 140,000 units were built for whites. Clearly, something had to be done about breaking the pattern of segregation in new, private housing. And just as clearly, nobody was itching to be first to do something about it. He decided to try.

The first major problem was money. It took more than two years to get it. The people with the money, it seemed, considered "interracial" a dirty word. "Go ahead and crusade if you like," they said, "but we're in business to make money."

For nine months at one point Milgram went ahead with plans, thinking he had the backing of a large mortgage company. But the company finally reneged, with this explanation: "Fellowship isn't our business. Making money is." Milgram tried other mortgage sources. But nobody was interested. He tried to tap some big-name liberals for backing. But they said no.

There was investment money for an all-Negro development, Milgram found, and plenty for all-white projects. But none for interracial housing.

Things were looking hopeless when in the summer of 1953 along came George Otto, the Quaker builder. The two men formed a stock corporation and set out to peddle stock. Within nine months they had drummed up $150,000, enough to buy the site—fifty acres of truck farm land—and put up a sample house. By August, 1954, the house was on the market.

More headaches were ahead, however; they still needed mortgage financing. One by one, more than forty financial institutions turned thumbs down on the project. Two banks reneged after making oral committments to purchase the mortgages. With the project facing financial ruin, Bowery Savings of New York came through. This bank, with a long record of aiding minority housing, took the mortgages on the first section of thirty houses. Later, more mortgage money appeared, and there were some loud sighs of relief.

AS Concord Park started taking shape, the biggest problem of all emerged: finding enough white buyers. An advertising campaign brought thousands of whites out to look at the sample house. But look was about all they did. The house was a good buy (a ranch-type selling for $12,000 to $13,500) but . . . "Well, you know how Negroes depreciate the value of property." "It would be like buying an off-brand automobile. Nice, but what would its resale value be?"

There were many other deterrents for whites. "Moving here would be all right with me," one woman said, "but my parents would never get over it." One man was afraid he'd jeopardize his chances for promotion if he moved to Concord, because his bosses were "pretty conservative people." A lawyer declined because he would "lose face with his clients."

There were those who put down deposits on a house only to decide against it on second thought. And those who "don't care for ourselves but we don't want our children to grow up with Negroes."

Mr. Dwyer is on the staff of the Trenton *Times*.

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The ratio of Negroes to whites created certain special problems. Should it be the same as that of the Philadelphia area—twelve to fifteen per cent? Should the project's primary purpose be to provide housing for minority members? Should there even be quotas? And if so, what should the ratio be—twenty-five to seventy-five, fifty-fifty?

At first it was hoped quotas would not be necessary. But the tremendous pressure of the Negro market produced five prospective Negro buyers for every white. Without controls, Concord might become another all-Negro development. So Milgram decided on enforced integration, with a ratio of about fifty-fifty. At this writing, it's as fifty-fifty as a place can get. Twenty-five homes are occupied, twelve by white families, twelve by Negroes and one by a white-Negro couple. Eventually there will be 139 homes and the continuing problem will be to find enough white families to maintain the ratio, or possibly increase it some.

THE twenty-five families at Concord appear to be happy about their new life. There has been no vandalism, no "incident." No family has moved out. The children of both races play together, unaware of such adult inventions as the color line. With their parents, it is the same—bridge parties, neighborly visits, Sunday barbecues—and no color line. There has been no protest from nearby Bucks County whose attitude about Concord is described as "curious but not unfriendly."

Quakers are the chief backers of the venture and two of the houses are occupied by Quaker families. There are four Jewish families and four Catholic families. The rest are Protestant. Residents report that the Quakers are the only ones so far who have invited them to come to church. One Catholic family (Negro) goes to Sunday Mass at its old church in Philadelphia. The head of this same family has high praise for what the Church has done to improve race relations. But he has some reservations about the lack of concern for minority problems often found at the parish level.

"In interracial and other matters," this family head says, "people need the leadership of the clergy. People are basically decent; all they need from the clergy is a push in the right direction. But too often, the push is in the wrong direction."

In bringing Concord to life, Milgram has broken the ice of segregation in private housing. Never again need a private builder, banker or buyer be the first. Milgram has knocked holes in a number of myths, including the one that says there is no Negro market for good housing. The young builder's big hope is that other builders will now go out and do likewise.

FROM EGYPT

Progress of a Revolution

Cairo

HERE are the Pyramids, and here they have been since the Egyptians dominated the the world, thirty centuries before the time of Christ. Five thousand years old, they stand in stone glory, impassive while the world has gone its whole length of known history. They are astounding things, enormous, monuments to men who wished to be remembered.

In one way it is a disadvantage to have the Pyramids in your country. There they are, remnants of the time when Egypt was great, monumental intimidation to the ruler who is not great. As the antiquities of Rome were to Mussolini, these piles must be to modern Egypt, a perpetual taunt.

The modern history of Egypt has, of course, been one of subjection. The most recent occupation army was British. They came in 1882 and left in 1952, pushed out by the new nationalism. They are bitterly remembered. "We remember the British soldiers in the streets," an Egyptian girl said; "their boots made such a noise."

The new Egypt is now three years old. When the group of young army officers led by Colonel Nasser seized power, Egypt was politically stagnant, corrupt, and very nearly bankrupt: The literacy rate was in the neighborhood of twenty per cent. Approximately one-fifth of the nation's arable land, over four hundred thousand acres, was owned by one hundred and eighty-eight people. The balance of the farmland, about two million acres, was divided among two and one-half million people. And these were owners. The number of Egyptians whose livelihood depended directly upon the land was over fourteen million.

The party which had dominated Egyptian politics from 1924 until 1952 was the *Wafd,* which is translated "delegation." The *Wafd* had its origin in the Egyptian revolution of 1919 which took the form of strikes and demonstrations and was the manifestation in Egypt of the drive for self-determination getting underway elsewhere in the colonial world. Wilson's fourteen points had their impact on Egypt, too. The revolution brought a British Commission of Inquiry to Egypt and, eventually, negotiations with an Egyptian delegation which ended in a unilateral British declaration of an end to the protectorate. A representative

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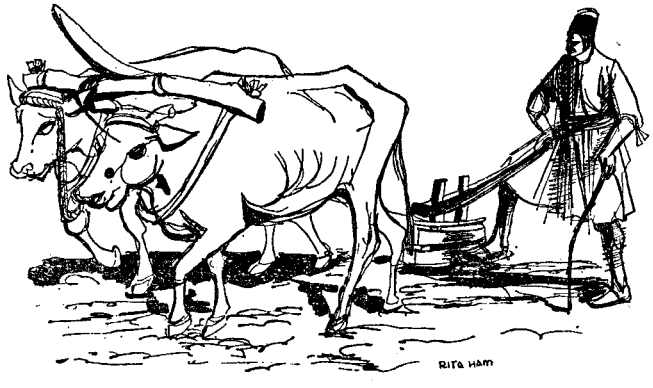
government was established in 1923-24 in Egypt. Britain retained many privileges, but limited autonomy was in Egyptian hands. The *Wafd* party, established by members of the delegation which had gone to London, swept the 1924 election. But soon after the new government was formed the British reasserted their position in Egypt and made a show of force. The leader of the *Wafd* resigned and the Parliament accepted the British ultimatum.

During the following ten years there was considerable tension between Egyptians and the British, eased during the world crisis of the late thirties and the second world war when the two countries chose to hang together. After the war agitation began again. The Egyptian Parliament was ineffectual, ridden by court politics. The Crown was in a state of fantastic corruption. The *Wafd* and the Crown were in competition for power, and there was public pressure on both over the Egyptian military failures in the Israeli war and the question of Britain's position in the country. Then came open fighting with the British after the Egyptian government abrogated its treaty with Britain, riots, and Ismailiyeh; then came a distintegration of effective government in Egypt; and then the proclamation of military dictatorship in July of 1952.

THE officers who led the revolution were young, in their thirties or forties. They apparently thought of themselves as only applying shock to the body politic, with the idea that civilians would soon take over from them and restore a healthy government. Colonel Nasser has spoken of the blow he felt when he discovered that there was no one to take over. "I confess that after July 23rd I suffered fits in which I accused myself, my colleagues and the rest of the army of having been guilty of rashness and folly on July 23rd." The young officers are holding the tiger's tail.

Since that day the junta has made a remarkable record. A land reform program has been put through which really works. It establishes a general limit to land ownership of some two hundred acres per person. The balance owned by an individual is taken, paid for, and redistributed, usually to the peasants who had been working the land. At the end of 1954 approximately fifty thousand peasant families had been benefitted.



In 1947 three new schools had been built and the budget for education was eight million Egyptian pounds (two and a half million dollars). The present budget spends seventeen million pounds on education proper, and in 1954 three hundred and fifty schools were established. There are five times as many pupils in schools now as there were before the *coup*. The literacy rate has gone up fourteen per cent in three years.

There are grandiose plans for industrial expansion and work has begun on several projects which are to make Egypt self-sufficient in some basic products: plants for pipe and cable, oil development and refining, livestock and agricultural development (the land reform program includes the establishment of agricultural cooperatives in the villages). Steel and aircraft plants, irrigation and water control, railroad rehabilitation, fertilizer plants are either being planned or being put into effect. The United States is helping Egypt improve its pastures, fishing industry and farming, and is giving technical advice on the building of an automobile tire plant.

The officers who make up the Revolutionary Command Council are by all accounts hardworking, enormously dedicated, and honest. I met several officers working in government positions and some army colonels on active duty, and I was greatly impressed by them. This is an enthusiasts' government. In many ways these men have been in over their heads since 1952. The leaders of the *coup* were mostly staff college professors or young field and staff officers; they had neither the experience nor the training for civil administration. But perhaps that has been an advantage. They have brought something of the austerity and pragmatism of the military into a government which had severely lacked both qualities.

What I am saying is that all the good things which can be said about a military dictatorship can be said about this one. If it lasts, keeps its spirit and fulfills its plan for reestablishing parliamentary government, it will have justified the adjectives which its propaganda office generously applies to the junta.

AT the present time there is no evidence of an effective opposition to the government. In the universities there is some resentment over faculty purges carried out early in the revolution, some distaste towards dictatorship, in some circles sympathy for the theocratic ideas embraced by the broken Moslem Brotherhood. The university attitude is, however, mostly one of waiting: the Revolutionary Council

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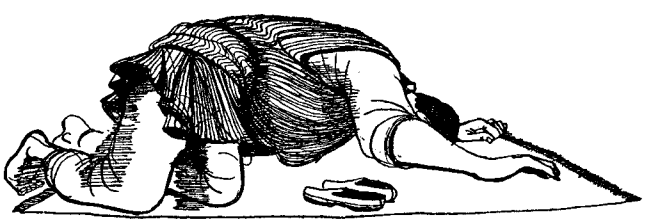
has its greatest challenge, retirement, ahead of it.

There is a question, too, of the regime's popular support. The *Wafd*—in name at least—still has a grip on the popular mind: it is the symbol of the first Egyptian revolution. Colonel Nasser is not a people's man. General Naguib, the forcibly retired fatherly figurehead of the RCC, was far more popular than his younger successor. This can be sensed in the controlled and inspired Egyptian press. There is much of a distasteful kind of whooping it up for Colonel Nasser —"the people's leader." While I was here the Colonel was touring Upper Egypt and the Cairo papers headlined daily the "triumphal tour" and laid great stress on the "enthusiastic reception" he received in every town he visited. One could not but suspect that it was felt necessary to impress upon the masses that they really were enthusiastic.

There is, of course, one great danger which any powerful man runs. He may begin to believe his own propaganda, of which, in Egypt, there is plenty. A government agency called the Ministry of National



Guidance (formerly the Ministry of National Direction) censors the press and films, runs the broadcasting system, and publishes the government material. "We are the most important agency in this government, a fact which you, as a professional journalist, must know," a Guidance official told me.

Last year the Revolutionary Command Council dipped its collective toe in water which proved to be too cold, announcing that the old political parties would be restored, the RCC disbanded, and a Constituent Assembly would be elected. Within three days it had changed its mind, to the accompaniment of a general strike, and said that a Consultative Assembly would be formed instead. This Assembly is scheduled for January of 1956. The Ministry of National Guidance has lifted censorship on discussions of Egypt's future, and promises to lift all censorship prior to the Assembly elections so that they will take place with a free press. The Assembly will be partially elected and partially appointed. Final plans have not been made but the appointed part will certainly be the majority. And the Assembly will be consultative, not legislative. It is intended as the first step towards a reconstitution of democracy. The junta feels, with justice, that the old parliamentary system has been unrepresentative, and sees a transitional period in which a democratic set of values and traditions can be established. Educational reform is deeply involved in this, and properly so, for Egypt acutely represents the recurring problem of how to make parliamentary government function when the electorate is largely illiterate and provincial.

AT the heart of problems in the Middle East is the question of Israel. The Gaza frontier negotiations were taking place while I was in Egypt and seemed to offer some prospect of easing trouble along the Gaza strip. From the conversations I had with Egyptian officials and private citizens I think that this much can be said: There is considerable apathy in Egypt about Israel. The government makes dutiful propaganda statements, and in connection with the celebrated spy trials last year issued some material which contained some very ugly anti-Semitic overtones, allegations of "secret cooperation" between Zionism and international Communism, etc. But the Egyptians also insist that Egypt has not let its fight with Israel affect the status of Jews in Egypt.

Except in a few circles there is no drive for a crusade against Israel. The government would be very happy if the whole thing could be forgotten. This military government has no desire to get into another bloody war in which the nation could only be hurt. This June, Colonel Nasser said in respect to the frontier question, "Good conditions lead to better conditions and better conditions might lead to the best conditions." But the creation of the "good conditions" must be on a basis of local arrangements along the border. Egypt will not now engage in high-level discussions for a mixture of reasons: Very importantly, there is a question of relations with other Arab nations where feelings are considerably higher. "If we go into high-level talks, we will be accused of betraying the refugees," one Egyptian official said to me. There are questions of prestige and face. But an easing-off of tension is possible.

It must be said on the other hand—and this is not to be taken as a statement of official sentiments; it is a surmise from conversations with non-official people in Cairo—that if there are any more big incidents or Israeli attacks there may very well be a resumption of war. There is too much national prestige involved for Colonel Nasser to ignore what might appear to the Egyptian public to be a challenge.

Even if tension is eased by a Gaza frontier agreement the big problems will not, of course, be solved: there are the refugees, there is the question of frontier rectification, there is fanaticism on both sides. But Egypt has too many problems at home right now to want to fight anew the miserable war of 1948.

WILLIAM PFAFF.

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THE STAGE

MORNING'S AT SEVEN

AFTER sixteen years, Mr. Paul Osborn's comedy of the domestic manners of old age has still an undiminished force and truth of observation: singular praise when one considers the dull dramatic waste of the period in which it first appeared, the theatrical *detritus* of George Washingtons sleeping here and there and men who came to dinner. "Morning's At Seven" translates into the American grain the mode and intention of Chekhov; it is possibly the first specimen of what has since become a cliché in our theatre, the play of back-porch life.

The disciple does not here challenge the master: precisely what is absent in "Morning's At Seven" is that distilled presence of society, of a larger poetic design working through the crises of individual sensibility, which elevates Chekhov's vision above the purely provincial. Mr. Osborn is content with the observation of personality—continuous, shrewd and faithful observation, and full of an unremitting pleasure, but the limitation will explain why, though we may claim for Mr. Osborn's play charm, we may not claim for it much more. Still, this is a work in which the pulse of life, however mild, is constant; nothing in it is 'worked up,' and it is not tainted with the presence of 'big ideas.' One has, for instance, only to place in juxtaposition Mr. Osborn's portrait of an impatient spinster and Mr. William Inge's in "Picnic" to see how observation may decline from truth into a chic and modish exploitation of perception.

The performance of "Morning's At Seven," directed by Mr. Warren Enters, crystallizes the spirit of the play: it is abstinent and cool, wise without sententiousness, the dominant note one of all passion spent. The mood is that of reconciliation—delicate, spare, subtly triumphant—and the humor is beautifully poised.

Indeed, with its production the ensemble at the Cherry Lane consolidates its claims to our attention as the first of the off-Broadway groups. To attend their theatrical occasions is to anticipate a certain quality of professional pleasure, an expectation which has not yet been abused. One usually ventures beyond the perimeter of Broadway in the spirit of hazardous adventure or charitable undertaking, yet the year's three evenings at the Cherry Lane ("Thieves' Carnival" and "The Way of the World" were the other two) have had a distinction and interest which the commercial theater, in its frantic solicitation of mass approval, can but rarely equal. (*At the Cherry Lane.*)

RICHARD HAYES.

COMMUNICATIONS

"THE RIGHTS OF NON-CONFORMITY"

Bronx, N. Y.

TO THE EDITORS: Re "The Rights of Non-Conformity," [July 15]. I regret that I find your editorial on the "let's bare our bosoms to the bomb brigade" almost as hysterical as the conduct of the public officials involved. Unfortunately, they made a minor *cause célèbre* out of a minor protest meeting, instead of merely officially ignoring it. A protest against such inept handling of the situation was certainly in order. The over-zealousness of the public authorities merited strong condemnation. Your editorial, however, did not seem to place the event in its proper perspective, through improperly characterizing it as a major attack on our liberties, a "frightening thing happened to our country on June 15."

No doubt there is a question as to the constitutionality of the compulsive features of the N. Y. State Defense Emergency Act. Basically, however, this is more of a theoretical matter than a concrete existing threat to our liberties, for the simple reason that the overwhelming majority voluntarily cooperate in air raid drills. And they do so, I believe, not as a herd of cattle seeking shelter at a signal from its master, but because they realize the importance of seeking ways, if at all possible, to minimize the havoc caused by modern weapons. Nor is the act as a practical matter a threat to our civil liberties through its being distorted from its original purpose, e. g., where the state used the temporary (fifteen minutes or so) control over the community in a mock air raid drill for some insidious purpose. I think you will agree that such a possibility is extremely remote.

EUGENE F. SCHADE.

Moorestown, N. J.

TO THE EDITORS: A long-time subscriber and reader and admirer of your magazine feels impelled to protest your editorial, "The Rights of Non-Conformity." [July 15] . . .

The mock emergency was scheduled to prepare the populace of the largest city in the world for the possibility of a real emergency in any kind of disaster; to get them used to the idea of group coordination in seeking shelter and protecting themselves and each other from the effects of panic; to train good leaders, as theater owners would train good ushers, to keep

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order in the event of an unforeseen catastrophe; and to find the flaws that probably existed in the Civil Defense system so that it could be improved. These emergencies are not arranged for the purpose of frightening people or of playing tin soldiers. They are unpleasant and inconvenient for everyone, particularly those who volunteer their time, those who enforce the law, and adjudicate the penalties.

Those who consider this an attempt to prepare the nation for mass suicide are (I hope innocently) distorting the self-evident facts and exposing the whole remaining population of New York to all the dangers of panic and disorganization which any large scale accident could cause. Everyone knows by now that the evacuation of a large city with a highly concentrated working population is virtually impossible—so the problem is to keep order and save as many people from being maimed or killed through fear and hysteria as possible. This order can only be secured through the recognition of authority—not by protesting it and imputing to it motives that are the fabrication of a minority sector of the populace.

One of the blessings of our civilization is the willingness of our people to cooperate for the good of all and to forego voluntarily some privileges so that all may enjoy peace and order without the necessity of compulsion. Blessings on Dorothy Day and her companions for wanting peace as much as all of us do and for all the good they have each done for the poor and forgotten ones. But let us not forget to see the forest because of the trees. I would suggest a rereading of "The Practical Judgment" in the "Of Note" section of the same issue of The Commonweal, in which there is mention of interested people who "assert their practical judgment as if it were eternal truth—when it often happens that only the unfolding of events reveals whether a judgment was right or wrong."

MARIZITA MCK. HALL.

Chatham, New Brunswick, Canada

TO THE EDITORS: I believe that Catholic indifference to the arrest of Dorothy Day noted in your editorial "The Rights of Non-Conformity" [July 15] and Catholic complacency about Catholic education noted by Mr. Mulloy in the same issue are not unrelated. Both are consequences of "the unexamined life."

Mr. Mulloy recalls the perennial scandal that most of our best writers are converts educated outside the Church. I have always believed that this absence of writers (which means an absence of creative intelligence) is conclusive evidence of our failure in education. It is at once the weakness and the strength of the Catholic position that we have so much truth *given*. The strength needs no emphasis. The weakness cannot be emphasized too much. It is that this given truth is not necessarily received as truth—as apprehension of reality. Too often it is received as dead words, passed from generation to generation by uninspired schoolmasters, who don't know what time it is and don't care.

Discussing this problem in The Commonweal, May 12, 1950, Father Leo R. Ward, C.S.C., said that American Catholic schools were not founded for learning but to save souls. He might have added that the idea of bourgeois success was at least second to that of soul saving. The pursuit of truth hardly enters the picture. Often the only live thing in a Catholic College is the football team. The problem of bringing truth to life is a personal problem, a problem of teachers. *Nemo dat quod non habet.* The situation is not hopeless. There is a growing rebellion against the stultifying effect of recent teaching, and some promise of improvement. But as usual we are dreadfully late. History did not wait for us in the sixteenth century. It did not wait in the eighteenth. It isn't waiting today.

J. E. P. BUTLER.

"THE CHILDREN OF POVERTY"

Staten Island, N. Y.

TO the Editors: In the June 17 issue of The Commonweal you printed an appeal for funds for our work with the children of East Harlem. We wish to thank you and the readers whose generous help has made it possible for us to open a summer beach camp and has started us on our way to buying a house for a permanent camp and week-end vacation retreat for slum area families all year round. [*So far, readers have sent over $7000 to assist Miss Fantino, and contributions are still arriving.—The Editors.*]

The flood of letters from every part of the country, Canada and Europe was a source of great encouragement, especially the promises of prayers and Masses. They expressed grave concern for the condition of the poor and were a manifestation of the bond of love which unites us all.

Our camp is situated at Annadale Beach on Staten Island. We have three beach houses, a small grape arbor, wild flowers, blackberry-rich fields and a dozen or more new children every two weeks to complete the scene. Cooking is our biggest job but we're getting adept at multiplying recipes. This past Sunday we fed twenty-five people at dinner, including parents and visitors. The children spend most of their time on the beach swimming, making pot holders, painting or playing ball. Beach fires at night, frankfurter roasts, berry picking and bed-time song fests add to the fun, but life has its darker moments when the washroom keys get lost (every three hours) and the tide gets low (walk a mile to get the water up to your

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knees) or when some of the younger ones wake up at 2:30 A.M. for a screaming contest.

Life is slower here, warmer and more open. Taking the first group back home to the noisy, whirling city and their dark confining tenements made us realize what an impermanent solution vacations are and that the children must be released from the prison of their lives to a more human environment. We know that this is a gigantic task, but with the help we have received—and are continuing to receive—from The Commonweal's readers, we hope to make at least a personal contribution towards its solution.

EILEEN FANTINO.

FOOD AND POPULATION

Stamford, Conn.

TO the Editors: In recent weeks, The Commonweal has carried several pieces bearing on the problem of food and population. These have included discussions of the amounts of money needed, and the geographical areas apparently available. They did face population problems courageously. Yet these discussions ignore the key question involved in the problem of adequate resources, and that is their conservation.

In any program of increasing the world's supply of food or any other resource, good conservation practices simply cannot be ignored either in practice or in education. It is possible, for instance, to secure an increase in the food production of a given soil type by "mining" the soil or by prodigal use of available water resources, but in the end—and the end comes quickly under modern pressures—productivity falls off, and each crop becomes more expensive and risky until finally the soil is abandoned.

Many areas that look good on maps—virgin or long-fallow areas—are not worth developing. Here in the United States we are constantly engaged in expensive "reclamation" projects, often for the purpose of growing crops of which we already have staggering surpluses. We are doing this at the cost of serious damage to water supplies, the soil itself, and nature's balance which will (or already does) make itself felt in other areas where cultivation is already feasible without expensive reclamation measures. This is not to condemn the idea of reclamation, but to indicate that it can be misapplied. . . .

Conservation—the wise use of natural resources—has to be a part of any program of food-resource expansion. In fact, it has long been a grave requirement in simply maintaining what there is, without even considering what can be. We have seen North Africa and Mesopotamia turned into deserts in historical times, and we are watching the United States riding in that direction in modern times. The idea of the supposedly green and fertile U.S. turning into a desert is not the wolf-cry of alarmists. It is happening, both because of population (and industrial) pressure, and because of neglect. In our advanced civilization, farmers still plow up and down their hills. Our cities still kill their rivers, lakes, and shore areas with industrial waste and sewage. We still allow the destruction of watershed forest covers for timber, and there is hardly a metropolitan area that does not have a serious and pressing water problem. The region around New York City is rainy, but the city is desperately casting about for increased water supplies, and is meeting the opposition of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, who understandably want to keep their water for their own communities.

Anything we do abroad, by way of Point Four aid or private investment, to increase food supplies will be undone within a generation unless every step is taken to insure proper land, water, and other resource management from the beginning of each project. This will involve an almost hopelessly vast educational responsibility in almost every case, but the responsibility must be assumed and borne.

There is an opportunity for Catholics to take the lead in persuading mankind of the idea of man's stewardship, rather than absolute ownership, of the earth's resources. The planet belongs to us, but it also belongs to our children's children and their children's children. Man has always been a prodigal in his treatment of the earth, which may not have seemed serious when his numbers were in the millions or tens of millions. Now we count men in the billions, and it is a grave matter indeed. . . .

NICHOLAS ROSA,
Science Curator,
Stamford Museum and Nature Center.

FLANNERY O'CONNOR

Charlotte, N. C.

TO the Editors: I couldn't be more in agreement with James Greene in his praise of the talents of Flannery O'Connor [July 22]. But I would like to suggest that it is the Catholicism of Miss O'Connor that gives her the viewpoint from which she writes. There is compassion in her writing, there is understanding of reality; she belongs to neither the school of writing about the South that sees only decadence or to the school that sees only magnolias.

Miss O'Connor—who despite the Irish name is a convert to the Church—is an important addition to the list of American Catholic writers. And make no mistake, although her stories so far have not touched on Catholic subject matter, she is not just a writer who is a Catholic but a Catholic writer.

DALE FRANCIS.

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The Tragedies of Garcia Lorca

ANTHONY ARATARI

A PROPHET is one who sees, who discerns, the spirit of the times, the impending doom, the ideal future. Under the urging of a Providence whose knowledge is from all Eternity, it may be his destiny to discover a new idea, to embody it within himself and bring it forward to the rest of men. At the behest of a Spirit whose choices cannot be predicted, he can appear in any branch of human endeavor—religion, philosophy, art, science, politics—sometimes embracing several areas at once.

But the lot of a prophet is a cross: the prophetical words of Christ, Himself the type and summation of all prophets, have long been fulfilled. "The prophet is without honor in his own country. . ." "Behold, I send you prophets, and wise men, and scribes: and some of them you will put to death, and crucify, and some you will scourge in your synagogues, and persecute from town to town. . ." History is a graveyard of prophets—true and false and in between—whose bones continue to rattle in age after age.

Humanity seems to save its worst vexation and vengeance for the prophet who would exorcise his nation from demons that possess it. Socrates was forced to drink the hemlock in Athens; Joan of Arc was burned at the stake in Rouen—as was Savonarola in Florence; Mahatma Gandhi in our own time was shot.

And even the drama has its prophets, though here they are more apt to be kindly treated, even idolized, because their message comes dressed in the finery of spectacle and entertainment. Yet in this age the drama, that playground of vanities, has its martyr: Federico Garcia Lorca, poet and dramatist of the Spanish people. He was shot with a group of Spanish Republicans in the summer of 1936 by a Falangist firing squad, with the approval of the civil authorities of Granada.

BORN in Fuentevaqueros outside of Granada in 1899, Garcia Lorca had attended briefly a Jesuit school in that city and obtained a law degree from its University. In Granada as a boy he had bought a toy miniature theatre, and there as a man he staged his play "Maria Pineda," which portrayed Granada's Andalusian charm and its self-inflicted sorrows.

Lorca had worked in the first years of the Spanish Republic under the Minister of Public Education as one of the directors of "La Barraca," a company of amateur, travelling players which took the Spanish Classical Drama of Lope de Vega and Calderon and new plays written by Lorca to the people in the remote villages of Spain. He was averse to involving himself in politics, though he no doubt could foresee the coming violence. At that crucial moment of Spanish history it was not easy to avoid engagement, but when he was once asked where he stood, he replied that he was everything—Catholic, Communist, Anarchist, Libertarian, Traditionalist, Monarchist. In a newspaper interview, he said: "I am completely a Spaniard, and it would be impossible for me to live outside of my geographical boundaries; but I hate him who is a Spaniard only to be nothing more. I am a brother to everybody. . ."

As an artist he had discerned in his three folk tragedies the root cause of the bloodshed of which he was to be one of the first victims. He was too deeply committed to art which, as Lewis Mumford once said, "at its best discloses heretofore hidden meanings. It tells more than the eye sees or the ear hears or the mind knows." Lorca saw too clearly, was too catholic and popular, to survive in a deadlocked situation created by prejudiced parties struggling for power and bent on separating good from good.

This prophet is beautiful not because of a justice achieved, as is his Spanish brother, John of the Cross, but because of his yearning for justice, his wounds yet to be healed, his sympathies and his human variety. He was poet, dramatist, painter, musician; a gypsy balladeer who played the guitar and recited poems, sometimes composing them on the spot, to friends, who passed them on by word of mouth, making him known in literary circles before actual publication. But this is not all: Lorca rediscovered for the drama the tragic image, that long lost mechanism that could trace out the journeys of the human psyche as it went down to hell or ascended to heaven, or both. His lament, sustained through three plays and woven through with the "deep song" of Spain, his cry over the breakdown in the Spanish provinces of the primal relationships generated by

Mr. Aratari is a New York writer who has made a special study of the drama.

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human nature, take us back to the Agamemnon trilogy of Aeschylus and the Theban plays of Sophocles.

Before discussing the plays, however, there is something which must be said: to enter into the tortured Spain depicted by Lorca is bound to be a humiliating experience for a Catholic, whether through fear of the truth or through rage at the public exposure of it or through a genuine perplexity that what we as Catholics "looked for is not fulfilled: the gods bring unlooked for things to pass." But the "gods" spoken of by Euripides are ourselves; it is we who shape the moralities that bring about calamity and the strangulation of life. In "Ecclesiastes" it is written: "Only this I have found, that God made man right, and he hath entangled himself with an infinity of questions."

IN the first of Lorca's folk tragedies "Blood Wedding," written in 1933, "two rich families are being brought together;" such is the brief comment of one poor peasant woman as she hears of the presents bought by the Bridegroom and his Mother to the Bride in the marriage which is the central action of the play. The language spoken by these peasants, both rich and poor, is dry like the hot climate that sears them, direct and to the point like the caste system that separates them, and austerely beautiful like the land they talk of having or not having. Only one character in this play bears a personal name: Leonardo Felix; he is the poor man become conscious of his desires to the point of fighting for them against others. The "others" are designated by their status in life: Mother, Bridegroom, Father, Bride, Wife, Mother-in-law. By these names the fatality of tradition is quietly yet unmistakably emphasized. It is a tradition which carries these people from generation to generation into marriages which in turn help to bring other marriages about, that is, blood weddings.

The Mother of the Bridegroom is the pivotal character in the play: she embodies that unyielding morality which holds sway over the lives of all. She is a widow, having lost her husband and a son in a feud with the Felix family, and she is obsessed with the "knife or a pistol" that "can finish off a man—a bull of a man," and with the blood that spills as a result—though she is always ready to have it spilled again to preserve her own family's honor. She wishes that her remaining son were a woman; then both of them "would embroider flounces and little woolly dogs." But he, the Bridegroom, is young, handsome, chaste and industrious; even so, the Bride characterizes him as "tamed water."

The Bride really loves Leonardo, who is now married to someone else and a father. She could have married him once, but she rejected him because he was poor. In contrast to the Mother, who is the eternal matriarch, she is Woman young with desire, as "mirror of the earth." "The fault is the earth's" says Leonardo to explain why he could not accept the marriage of the Bride to another man. He and the Bride stand for suppressed and restless instinct, for natural feeling which, when it cannot be realized, strikes back and uses knives.

"You're richer than I," says the Father of the Bride to the Mother in a scene where they are discussing the coming marriage and wedding arrangements, ". . . But . . . do you know? . . . what bothers me is that our lands are separated. I like to have everything together." On the wedding day, he expresses a wish for many grandsons so that the hands which work his land will be those of "the owner's, who chastises and dominates, who makes the seeds grow." He is unconscious of the fact that such consolidation and domination ends by depriving others of what is theirs. He is unconscious, too, of the raw, untamed feelings which seethe under the apparently obedient behavior of his daughter. It is the Servant in the motherless house who knows the daughter's secret feelings; like the poor in general, she hears things and makes it her business to know what is going on underneath the surface. She has heard Leonardo's horse riding by the house in the evening and seen Leonardo standing by the Bride's window. She speaks frankly of it to the Bride, but does not tell the Father. It is the Mother of the Bridegroom who, as the watchdog of morality, is apprehensive, sniffing over the Bride's family pedigree, listening to gossip and neurotically fearing her former connections with Leonardo Felix—Felix, the hated name.

The marriage takes place, but on the wedding night the Bride induces Leonardo to run away with her. The Mother, her fears fully justified, urges on her last remaining son to run after them and avenge the family honor, fearful yet calling for blood. The runaway lovers are tracked down in the woods under the glare of moonlight; Death and the Moon are there as characters and together they chase for blood, which the Moon is eager to see "slide its delicate hissing between" her "fingers" to make a blood wedding in another sense. The Bridegroom and Leonardo kill each other. The Bride "returns with bloodstains on her skirt and hair," still a virgin, crucified between honor and her desire for "the other one" who "was a dark river, choked with brush, that brought near me the undertone of its rushes and its whispered song." The Mother, resigned and proud in her grief, cruel to others and preparing to lock herself within her four walls with her dead, says: "It's the same thing. Always the cross, the cross."

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THE second tragedy, "Yerma," was written by Lorca in 1934. Yerma, the name of the young woman who is the central character of the play, is an invented name and means "barren" in Spanish. The forces that work ruin in "Blood Wedding" are also in the background of this play, at times breaking out in a plain statement which highlights the intensely personal dilemma of Yerma: she wants children very much but is married to a man who is for some reason unable to give them to her. She symbolizes a type of young provincial woman in whom the depths of love, asleep in human nature, have never been fully awakened, yet who has allowed herself to be married off to someone picked out for her, content with the promise of children and a home for them.

Yerma's desire for children is really pure; like the Bride in "Blood Wedding," she is another "mirror of the earth." Her longing for a child is metaphysical: she wants only what God has made. "Oh, what an open flower!" exclaims an Old Woman to her, "What a beautiful creature you are." Motherhood to her means bearing fruit like the earth bears fruit all around her. Her desire, though it pushes her to extreme emotions, to the point where she even consults a sorceress, remains essentially clear. Her fatal error lies in having unknowingly separated the womb's fruitfulness from love for man, in having separated good from good. ". . . My child is a dove of fire he made slip in through my ear," says her friend Maria to her. And the Old Woman questions her about her feelings for her husband: does she "tremble when he comes near" her, and has she felt "something like a dream?" Perhaps on two occasions with a shepherd named Victor when she was a young girl, but, she says, "I've always been shy." As for her husband: "My father gave him to me and I took him."

Her husband Juan, a typical product of narrow, suspicious morality, does not understand why she won't resign herself to the fact that children have not come. He is the man of property, who, as Yerma says, "goes out with his sheep over his trails, and counts his money at night." He is afraid of what neighbors will say about a woman "who goes out of the house at night." He brings his two old maid sisters to watch her while he's away in the fields.

As time passes, it dawns on her what has happened: the sons and daughters have failed to learn from the mistakes of their fathers. To Victor the shepherd, who is leaving that part of the country and has come to say good-bye and whom she now realizes she ought to have married, she declares: "There are things shut up behind walls that can't change because nobody hears them." But to her kind, "honor comes first."

She knows now that she does not love her husband, but she also knows "that children are born of a man and a woman"—if only she could have them by herself. She exclaims that he "doesn't want children" and that "since he doesn't want them, he doesn't give them" to her. "I don't love him," she cries out to the superstitious women in the sorceress' house, scandalizing them, "I don't love him, and yet he's my only salvation. By honor and by blood. My only salvation."

In the last scene at the hermitage in the mountains, Yerma is offered a way out of her dilemma by the Old Woman whom she had met one day in a field when taking lunch to her husband. The Old Woman doesn't like God, doesn't believe He exists. She states flatly to Yerma that the cause of her barrenness is her husband: "Neither his father, nor his grandfather, nor his great-grandfather behaved like men of good blood." She boasts of her own good stock and proposes to Yerma that she come away with her son to live in their house, for it will have "the odor of cradles." Yerma's response is sublimely classical: "Did you really think I could submit to another man? That I could go asking for what's mine, like a slave? Look at me, so you'll know me and never speak to me again." And a moment later she adds "Mine is a sorrow already beyond the flesh." The indifferent morality which has cut her off from fulfillment as a woman is to blame. Any solution of her conflict not based on an honor which is moral as well as physical is ignominy and slavery.

Her husband appears from behind a cart, having heard the dialogue between her and the Old Woman. He won't tolerate any more "her continual lament for dark things, outside of life." "Without children life is sweeter," he says. She must resign herself. Yerma,

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reels under the knowledge that he has never really wanted children but only her, and "as you sometimes want a pigeon to eat," chokes him to death. She can rest now, no longer expecting a child. Her final words are: "I myself have killed my son," words which have more than a literal meaning, echoing back and forth into the other two plays.

IN the third tragedy "The House of Bernarda Alba," finished by Lorca just before the outbreak of the Civil War in 1936, the stifling morality of the other two plays has reduced a house containing ten women, and only women, to a hell of absurd, stupid suffering and maniacal hypocrisy. This is the play which Lorca has specifically labelled "A Drama About Women in the Villages of Spain" and which he said is "a photographic document." This can only mean that the House of Bernarda Alba is Spain itself, Spain become a matriarchy in which men are distrusted and hated, whose essential manhood is unloved, and who in turn make their bodies into a thing to be sold to women they do not love but who have money and property.

Stephen Spender claims that this play is a failure because the subject which the women are always talking about, man, does not appear in the play. He has badly misread the play, for it opens with the tolling of bells which are being rung for the funeral Mass of the Father of the house who has just died—man, the author is saying, is dead in this house! In his stage directions, Lorca asks that two hundred women who have attended the funeral Mass come on to the stage before Bernarda Alba and her five daughters enter.

Before the women enter, Poncia, Bernarda's maid, and another servant who had been the mistress of the dead man have been talking freely, giving full vent to the hatred they have for their masters, filling the room with it. Poncia is eating bread and sausage stolen from her mistress' crock. A Beggar comes to the door for scraps and is refused by the servant with: "You can go right out the way you came in. Today's scraps are for me." After the women enter, what follows is a travesty of grief for the departed soul. Bernarda Alba, now the sole authority in the house and a cruel caricature of the Mother in "Blood Wedding," is revealed as an utterly mean, sanctimonious tyrant. "For eight years of mourning, not a breath of air will get in this house from the street. We'll act as if we'd sealed up doors and windows with bricks." When all the others have left, Poncia and she exchange dirty gossip with Poncia rubbing the fact that Bernarda is rundown gentry into her face.

In this atmosphere of hatred the five daughters slowly suffocate. Even their names suggest their suffering: Angustias, Martirio, Magdalena, Amelia, Adele. Angustias, the oldest daughter by another father, who has left her some money, has hopes of marrying a man younger than herself, Pepe el Romano. But he really loves the youngest daughter Adele, though he is primarily interested in the money. Martirio also loves Pepe and spys on Adele, who is secretly meeting with Pepe and having relations with him. The others have no hope at all; Magdalena won't even bend down to tie an untied shoelace. Nothing much happens in the play but this slow strangulation of life. The men are heard singing as they go off to work and the women can only sneak looks at them through windows.

The hatred consuming them all finally drives Bernarda to attempt to shoot Pepe el Romano for having made Adele his mistress, but he escapes on his horse. Adele, who is with child, hangs herself. Trying to save the honor of her house at all costs, Bernardo lies in the face of the terrible truth: "Cut her down! My daughter died a virgin. Take her to another room and dress her as though she were a virgin. No one will say anything about this! She died a virgin. Tell them, so that at dawn, the bells will ring twice."

THIS is no doubt a frightening picture: to see a great Catholic country run into the ground; but as prophecy it came true. Spain conceived within her house a civil war which took some one million lives, from which she shakily emerged only with the dubious help of Mussolini and Hitler. Lorca's plays are not propaganda. In their complex images he has exposed the terrible fault that walks on four feet right out of the Garden of Eden: the most fundamental human relationship possible, that of man with woman, had foundered: the gears of life had slipped in the heart of Spain.

In these plays the feminine principle of conservation takes over the family, the State and, for all practical purposes, the Church; or it could be put the other way: the necessary bias in the Church to conserve, to guard the integrity of faith, extends itself ever so easily to the bias of the State. The State is anxious to preserve an authority rooted in families which have ruled for centuries, and these families conserve themselves so that they may more easily conserve the State. It is a closed, a dead system of morality, says Lorca, and it is evil: it prevents human relationships and destroys the very thing everyone wants to preserve: the family. And it crucifies the poor, closing them off from opportunity and denying their right to a portion of the earth.

Lorca never specifically implicates the Church, though, for the Catholic as he reads, the Church is there in the background, for he knows that, finally, she is the custodian of all morality. Her fault is perhaps a temporary condition of inertia, of "the weightier things of the law left undone." Nevertheless she must share in the blame for what happened.

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The Mellowing of Mr. Waugh's Art

OFFICERS AND GENTLEMEN. By Evelyn Waugh. Little, Brown. $3.75.

By R. T. HORCHLER

OFFICERS and Gentlemen is the sequel to *Men at Arms* (1952) and the second installment of what promises to be the most ambitious and exhaustive treatment of World War II yet attempted. It is also a confirmation of the lately observed, erratic process we might call the mellowing of Evelyn Waugh's art. This development has been advancing fitfully for more than a decade, and in the present instance has carried Mr. Waugh a long way indeed from the cruel and funny fables which made his reputation.

Wonderfully and outrageously funny as these novels were, they were chilling in their final effect. Beneath their surface flash and glitter was inevitably a contemptuous and bitter comment on the human condition. We laughed when the young theologian was divested of his pants (in *Decline and Fall*) and when Mrs. Stitch drove her midget auto into the public rest room (in *Scoop*), but we knew always that horror was lurking just off-stage. All the spurious gaiety and excitement, the absurdities of life among the Smart Set, seemed only to intensify the awful inner emptiness and depravity of that life.

No one could resist the humor of Mr. Waugh's books, and no one could fail to admire the verve and brilliance of his style or his madly inspired plots and characters, but many of his readers were dismayed by the ferocity of his imagination and the negation of his view of life. As he denied his characters the least shred of human dignity, so he denied all meaning and value to contemporary life. He saw the world as having taken a wrong turn centuries ago and now plunging blindly to destruction, and he seemed to wish it a speedy journey.

But all this pertains to Mr. Waugh's coldly satiric phase. The author of *Officers and Gentlemen* has not entirely renounced all of his earlier attitudes, but he has amended them drastically, in the direction of concern, sympathy and tolerance. The note of compassion appeared in his work as far back as 1934 in *A Handful of Dust;* it was strong in *Brideshead Revisited* (1945); and in the series begun with *Men at Arms* and continued now in *Officers and Gentlemen,* it has become a dominant characteristic.

Thus it is rather as a compassionate realist than a satirist that Mr. Waugh tells the story of Guy Crouchback's war, which is more with the world at large than with the Axis. Guy is a faintly ludicrous but lovable hero, the last of an ancient family and a True English Gentleman (a nearly extinct species). In *Men at Arms* he had rejoiced at the Russo-German pact of 1939, feeling that the forces of evil had thereby revealed themselves, and even at the imminence of war, glad that he might take up arms for God and country.

Officers and Gentlemen picks up Guy's career upon his return to London from action at Dakar and follows him through commando training in Scotland, tedious weeks of standing-by in Africa, and, finally, the nightmare-farce of the battle of Crete. Crouchback's disillusionments are painful but educational, and he grows in wisdom without bitterness. As the book ends, he is pondering the lessons of the Cretan fiasco, the cowardice of his best friend, and the confusion of principle occasioned by Hitler's invasion of Russia and the transformation of the Russians into allies.

Despite a good deal of wry humor, a few eruptions into the bizarre, and an occasional nasty jab in the old, inimitable manner, *Officers and Gentlemen* is essentially a poignant study of a man's search for virtue in a dying civilization. And in this sense it is only circumstantially a war novel. The war dictates the conditions of its plot, but its interest goes beyond war to our afflicted society as a whole.

This theme is familiar in its pessimism, but it is handled here with a seriousness and good will rare in the work of Mr. Waugh. And while he admits small hope for our poor world, he does affirm the possibility of transcendent, personal fulfillment. This is symbolized in the paradoxical story of Roger of Waybroke. (His history is given in *Men at Arms,* and his name appears often in *Officers and Gentlemen*). An English knight-crusader, Roger failed absurdly in his earthly quest, and yet he found the way to blessedness and honor.

Mr. Waugh remains quite unreconstructed, however, in his social and political beliefs. He still shudders at the thought of a social order shaped by, of and for "the people." But he responds, in this work, not with a furious scorn for the present but with a song of mourning for the vanished past. His laments for the "happy civilization where differences in rank were exactly defined and frankly accepted" are often touching, and sometimes moistly sentimental.

Final evaluation of this novel will have to be deferred. We welcome its depth of characterization and insight, its breadth of vision and, most of all, its tolerance and warmth. But we miss the hilarity of incident, the wit, pace and, particularly, the firmness and economy of construction we have come to expect from Mr. Waugh. For *Officers and Gentlemen* is pallid, and inconclusive in effect. Characters are introduced and set aside, questions raised and left suspended.

But though *Officers and Gentlemen* only partially meets our expectations, our expectations in the case of Mr. Waugh are unusually high. This is, at the least, a warmly pleasant novel—wise, amusing and beautifully written. And because it verifies a deepening seriousness and charity in Mr. Waugh's art, it extends and renews the promise of his brilliant talent.

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On the Shoulders of Giants

IONIA, A QUEST. By Freya Stark. Harcourt, Brace. $6.

By ANNE FREMANTLE

FREYA STARK is a great writer in a great tradition. She has lived in and written about all the countries which sharpened the pens of Doughty and Lawrence; her sketches from the Hadhramaut, her letters from Syria, her account of *The Southern Gates of Arabia,* and of *The Valley of the Assassins* are literature to set on the shelves beside Burton and Borrow. She combines, most happily indeed, two great English strains: the Eccentric Gentlewoman and the Oriental Traveler.

This time, she has traveled in Ionia, now known as Turkey, taking Herodotus as her guide. While physically stumbling through villages wrecked by the Greco-Turkish war of 1922 and over fallen columns of ancient acropoli, she quotes the classics (in translation), seeking the secret of a way of life that was perhaps the highest and the happiest secular man ever attained. In the fall of 1952 Miss Stark visited the sites of fifty-five cities, and she sets down some of the ingredients of the ancient world: climate and the "healthiest of foods —olives, and fish and corn and wine; leisure, and simplicity of pleasures; precariousness, to make good moments sharper; and commerce like a river where ideas as well as wealth move up and down. Add to these enough solitude to divide one city or human being from the next; curiosity and toleration, which produce truth together; beauty, under whose wing great words are written; a life where personal decisions are demanded, and freedom for women and men."

Though Miss Stark claims she only "reads the ancient words in translations," no one has ever more surely snared their spirit. This intrepid Englishwoman, who has made the phoenix's country her own, and out Eothen-ed Kinglake, now ventures into the most masculine of all preserves, the "glory that was Greece," and gives more of it in one triumphantly readable and superbly illustrated volume than has been given by any mere traveler of this century. Only the great diggers, Sir Arthur Evans of Cnossos, or Schlieman of Troy or Sir Leonard Woolley of Ur can offer more.

She is most kind, providing at the beginning a synopsis of history (which she notes "may be ommitted by the well-informed"), and a table of dates (the earlier are approximate—from 2500 BC to 1376, the Hittite conquest of North Syria). But she insists again and again that she is "looking not for history, but for happiness, the Greek secret." Whatever it was, it was compounded partly of a curiosity which "gave a twist forever to the rudder of time." The British, she modestly confesses, lack this curiosity; and she describes the conquerors in motor-launches after World War II, proceeding up the Grand Canal in Venice with eyes fixed forward: "I longed to make them turn to the centuries drooping dilapidated on either side of them like afternoon flowers in stone, lit by a water-light, silver-rooted, that had come from so far. Never did I see them turn, this way or that; a leisurely mind seemed unable to rise in anything above a major."

Surely, though, not only the British are thus to blame? Was not just this the trouble with the ancient Persians, whom she approves? She thinks the Greeks of Asia Minor might have done better under Persian rule—but the parallel might be the Burmese and Indochinese under European. In spite of the alien unity and peace, imposed on the mainland by "an enterprising maritime fringe," these produced no beauty there, and no truth: the Anghor Vat is buried as deep in jungle as Pergamum in dust.

The center from which Miss Stark operated was Smyrna, a city that was as much that of Saint Polycarp, who was burned there (hastily, because there were no lions handy), as that from which Pelops was driven by the Phrygians or the mod-

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ern Turks by Lloyd George. He had promised Turkey, by the secret Treaty of London in 1915, that "the inherently Turkish lands of Thrace and Macedonia" should never be ripped from the bowels of the "dying man of Europe." Yet that is just what they were, by the Treaty of Lausanne, until the Turks themselves, under Mustapha Kemal, spurned in blood a document that would have obliterated history with ink. Photographs of refugees from Macedonia show the descendants of countless centuries of displaced persons.

Miss Stark wonderfully describes Ephesus, where Artemis reigned and Mary was proclaimed Mother of God, and from which Heraclitus turned aside. Her genius is always to link effect to cause, present to past. This happened here, and here I am now, she writes, but I could not see what is, unless Anacreon or Empedocles, or Archilochus had shown me how: we are dwarfs, standing on the shoulders of giants, and by these, as much as by our eyes, we see.

One, Holy, and Catholic

ESSAYS IN CHRISTIAN UNITY. By Henry St. John, O.P. Newman. $3.

BY HELEN ISWOLSKY

THE ecumenical movement is a subject foremost in Christian minds today, and Henry St. John is a man with the qualities most urgently needed for its advancement: theological training, spiritual dynamism, and devotion rooted in many years of experience. A convert from the Church of England, he was interested in ecumenicism long before he became a Catholic. As a Cambridge undergraduate, "brought up in old-fashioned Tracterian surroundings and beginning to develop more specifically Anglo-Catholic ideas," he attended the 1910 Missionary Conference in Edinburgh which inaugurated the Protestant ecumenical movement. Here he "rubbed shoulders with Presbyterians and Dissenters," discussed the Sacraments and the Eucharistic Presence, the visible Church and Apostolic succession. There were disputes "leading nowhere," and, on a deeper level, "the feeling of being entirely at one."

On the eve of World War I, not satisfied with his Anglo-Catholic position, he became a Catholic, and soon after the end of the war he joined the Dominican Order. From his earliest religious experience he knew "that the divisions of Christendom were a world tragedy and the healing of them a primary necessity." But this was merely his first glimpse of a road to unity "which would be a long and testing one."

Since this road started for him from the Church of England, it is with the Anglican problem that he is primarily concerned in his book. Nevertheless *Essays in Christian Unity* does not limit itself to the Anglican question. Father St. John evolves in his *Essays* an ecumenic approach applicable to other non-Catholics. And throughout the book we share his conviction: "The

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most terrible disaster, I suppose, that ever overtook God's Church was the Great Schism between East and West . . . a disaster hardly less terrible . . . was the Reformation."

Following these tragedies, we have our own tragic world today, a world in which the voice of Christ is often drowned by other voices, each claiming its own truth: some still proclaim the Gospel teachings, and others oppose the Gospel with the formidable weapons of materialism. Communism, Fascism, Nazism have shown us most clearly what crimes can be committed by men who deny God. But those who are faithful to God, and *are* sons of God are divided and torn by dissension.

From these *Essays* we can clearly see that the Catholic Church, though proclaiming itself *Una Sancta,* has given wide scope to the "trail blazers" of true ecumenicity. "Roman Catholics," writes Henry St. John, "are not in fact committed, as is widely believed, to the doctrine that all non-Roman Catholics are damned, or to the view that the only channel of divine assistance is the Roman Catholic Church, but they do believe that their Church is the only communion commanded and empowered by God to discharge certain specific sacramental teaching and disciplinary functions on earth."

This quotation is typical of the author's crystal-clear theology, couched in direct and uncompromising style. It is also typical of the eirenic spirit, whose initiators were Newman, Soloviev and Cardinal Mercier. "The ecumenical spirit, then, may be described," writes Henry St. John, "as a spirit of friendliness . . . to approach the differences which divide Christians in the spirit and by this method to create a psychological atmosphere in which the Truth can emerge and be seen as truth."

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"By contrast with American Catholicism," Father Ong writes, "European Catholicism is commonly thought of as more 'traditional.' And yet there are curious paradoxes here. For almost all the *avowed* efforts to adjust the Church positively to the modern world, from the more avant-garde theological speculation through revision of the liturgy and social experiments such as that of the priest-workers and *Mitbestimmungsrecht,* are initiated typically in Europe, not in the United States."

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by Michael Harrington

"The revolution in which we live is anything but a pastoral," Mr. Harrington writes. "Our thinking about this revolution should, ideally, begin with a recognition of the vast area where our thought makes no difference. . . . It must not think in terms of 'doing away' with cities, or of fighting in the midst of a metropolis for rural values. . . . It is only on the basis of such a recognition that the area of freedom can be entered."

THE DOMINICAN THEOLOGIANS OF ISLAM
by James Kritzeck

Mr. Kritzeck writes about the Institute of Oriental Studies conducted by the Dominicans in Cairo: "Although the full liturgical life of the Church is led there, in a chapel with an iconostasis and windows patterned after examples in Cairo's Coptic Museum, the Dominican Fathers have no parish and are entirely freed from other duties to devote themselves exclusively to scholarship. The principal aim of the Institute has been to establish contact with Muslim scholars on a purely scientific basis, mainly in the field of Islamic theology and spiritual literature in Arabic and Persian."

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